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1751 f. 35 Miss Linwood's Gallery of Pictures

MISS LINWOOD's

GALLERY

OF

PICTURES,

IN

WORSTED,

LEICESTER SQUARE.

1822.

1791 f. 30

GALLERY.

No. 1.

LANDSCAPE—SUN-SET.

Cozens.

LOW walks the sun, and broadens by degrees
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean, smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable sung) he dips his orb;
Now half-immersed: and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

No. 2.

JEPHTHA'S RASH VOW.

Opie.

Judges xi. JEPHTHA vowed a vow unto the Lord, and said,
Ver. 30. 'If thou wilt without fail deliver the children of
Ammon into mine hands,

31. 'Then it shall be, that whoso cometh forth of the doors of my house to meet me when I return in peace, shall surely be the Lord's, and I will offer it up for a burnt-offering.'

34. And behold his daughter came out to meet him with timbrels and dances; she was his only child; beside her he had neither son nor daughter.

35. And it came to pass, that when he saw her he rent his clothes, and said, 'Alas, my daughter, thou hast brought me very low, for I have opened my mouth unto the Lord, and I cannot go back.'

36. And she said, 'My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, &c.

39. And it came to pass at the end of two months, that he did unto her according to his vow.

No. 3.

POMERANIAN DOG.

D. Catton.

——————STRONG dogs that match in fight
The boldest brute, around their masters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd, they drive
From every covert, and from every den,
The lurking savages.

No. 4.

COTTAGE GIRL.

Russel.

No. 5.

FOX TEARING A COCK.

No. 6.

OYSTERS.

Moses Haughton.

——————In their pearly shells at ease, attend
Moist nutriment.

No. 7.

SEA-PIECE—BRISK GALE.

J. Ruysdale.

But see! in confluence borne before the blast,
Clouds roll'd on clouds, the dusky noon o'ercast;
The black'ning ocean curls; the winds arise
And the dark scud in swift succession flies.
While the swoln canvas bends the masts on high,
Low in the waves the leeward cannons lie.

No. 8.

LANDSCAPE.

Cozens.

No. 9.

FOX ALARMED, STEALING FROM SHELTER.

Original.

——————From his kennel sneaks
The conscious villain. See! he skulks along,
Sleek at the shepherd's cost, and plump with meals
Purloin'd, ...

No. 10.

FARMER'S STABLE.

Morland.

No. 11.

HEAD OF ST. PETER.

Guido.

No. 12.

GRAPES.

Jackson.

——————Umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant.

No. 13.

ON A GOLDFINCH
STARVED TO DEATH IN A CAGE.

Russel.

Time was when I was free as air,
The thistle's downy seed my fare
My drink the morning dew;
I perch'd at will on ev'ry spray,
My form genteel, my plumage gay,
My strains for ever new.

But gaudy plumage, sprightly strain,
And form genteel, were all in vain,
And of a transient date;
For caught and cag'd, and starv'd to death,
In dying sighs my little breath
Soon pass'd the wiry grate.

Thanks, gentle maid, for all my woes,
And thanks for this effectual close
And cure of ev'ry ill!
More cruelty could none express;
And I, if you had shewn me less,
Had been your pris'ner still.

No. 14.

THE GLEANER.

Westall.

At length, o'ergrown with tangled brush-wood round,
A shady bank the little wanderer found;
Here her faint limbs she rests; high o'er her head
Its rich embowering boughs an oak out-spread;
The bloom grows fainter on her lovely cheeks;
Yet her mild look a patient reverence speaks:
One trembling hand grasps half her grainy prize,
(Half drop'd beneath her feet, forsaken lies;)
One folds her mantle o'er her shivering form,
While her blue eye up-turn'd surveys the storm.
It pours around, the driven clouds and rain,
In one dim hue, conjoin skies, trees, and plain.
Oft the rude blast assails her features fair,
Tossing with cruel rage her golden hair;
Rain-drops and hail in drifts successive beat,
Cold, keen, and pointed, on her unshod feet;
Sedate she sits,—she fears, but not despairs,
Her tender breast a magic corslet wears;
There innocence has fix'd her hallowed seat,
And taught the heart with holy hope to beat,

No. 15.

LOBSTER AND CRAB.

Francis Place, Esq.

——————Or under rocks their food
In jointed armour watch.

No. 16.

VIRGIL'S TOMB BY MOON-LIGHT.

Joseph Wright.

No fairy rites, no funeral pomp I found,
No trophied walls, with wreaths of laurel round,
A mean, unhonour'd ruin faintly shew'd
The spot where once thy mausoleum stood:
Hardly the form remain'd—a nodding dome
O'ergrown with moss, is now all Virgil's tomb—
'Twas such a scene as gave a sad relief
To memory, in sober pensive grief;
Gloomy, unpleasing images it wrought;
No musing, soft complacency of thought;
For time had canker'd all and worn away
E'en the last mournful graces of decay—
Oblivion, hateful goddess, sat before,
And cover'd, with her dusky wings, the door.

No. 17.

MOUNT VESUVIUS.

Wright.

The mountain roars with dreadful thunders nigh,
Now hurls a bursting cloud of cinders high,
Involv'd in smoky whirlwinds to the sky;

With wide displosion to the starry frame,
Shoots fiery globes, and furious floods of flame;
Now from her bellowing caverns burst away
Vast piles of melted rocks, in open day.
Her shatter'd entrails wide the mountain
And deep as hell her burning centre glows.

No. 18.

LANDSCAPE—A FISHING PARTY.

An Original.

When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
Chief should the western breezes curling play
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds:
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brook,
The next pursue the rocky-channell'd maze,
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little naïads love to sport at large.

No. 19.

LAUGHING GIRL.

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Come, thou goddess, fair and free,
In Heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:

*

Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Mirth, and joy, and jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimples sleek;
Sport, that wrinkled care derides,
And laughter, holding both his sides.

No. 20.

PIGS.

Morland.

No. 21.

DOGS WATCHING.

Morland.

Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope he tries the furrow'd grounds
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey.

No. 22.

A LANDSCAPE.

Francisco Mola.

No. 23.

DAVID WITH HIS SLING.

Carlo Dolci.

The sword refus'd, and all the habiliments
Of war, which Israel's king had from his stores

With anxious care selected—Jesse's son
Retir'd, and thus his pray'r address'd to Heav'n—
'O thou, who in the plains of Bethlehem didst nerve
'Mine arm, else impotent, against the force
'Tremendous of the lion and the bear,
'Assist me in this harder conflict—Thou
'Alike canst save with many or with few:
'When thine own cause demands, thou canst impart
'Nerve, sinew, strength to him who shows most feeble
'This our forefathers saw, when * Anatha's son
'Six hundred of the uncircumcised slew:
'This sling be as his goad! impell'd by thee
'The pebble from the brook shall find its way
'As forcibly and sure, as does the jav'lin
'Hurl'd by the mightiest arm, or as the bolt
'Wing'd from thine own artillery in the skies:
'—I feel thy inspiration—and I go
''Gainst the blasphemer, who with tongue profane
'Thee and thine armies scornful hath defy'd.'

* Judges, ch. iii. v. 31.

No. 24.

WOODCOCKS AND KING-FISHER.

Moses Haughton.

——————————Thick around
Thunders the sport of those, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the shot,
Worse than the season, desolate the fields;
And adding to the ruins of the year,
Distress the footed, or the feather'd game.
The woodcock flutters, how he wavering flies,
The wood resounds, he wheels, he drops, he dies.

No. 25.

PARTRIDGES.

Moses Haughton.

Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, entangled more and more;
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Tho' borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye,
O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the tow'ring wing,
Dead to the ground, or drives them wide dispers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

No. 26.

LITTER OF FOXES.

From a celebrated Painting.

No. 27.

LANDSCAPE—BOYS ANGLING.

Wilson.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand;
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand;
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.

No. 28.

SLEEPING GIRL.

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

SLEEP is a god too proud to wait in palaces
And yet so humble too as not to scorn
The meanest country cottages;
His poppy grows among the corn
The halcyon Sleep will never build his nest
In any stormy breast.
'Tis not enough that he should find
Nor clouds, nor darkness in the mind
These but half his work will do
He must find peace and quiet too.

BEHOLD that scene—then say that weariness
Can sleep upon a flint, while restless sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

No. 29.

SETTERS.

Morland.

THE subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows;
Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey
Now the warm scent assures the covey near,
He treads with caution———

No. 30.

KENNEL AND DOGS.

Morland.

My dog, the trustiest of his kind,
With gratitude inflames my mind;
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.

No. 31.

A LANDSCAPE.

Francisco Mola.

No. 32.

PORTRAIT.

Hopner.

No. 33.

LODONA.

Maria Cosway.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd:
(Lodona's fate in long oblivion cast,
The muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
But by the crescent and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.

It chanc'd, as, eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd, and, burning with desire,
Pursu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chace.
Now, fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now, close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath with sultry air
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on Father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injured maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
Ah, Cynthia, ah! tho' banish'd from thy train,
Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
My native shades—there weep, and murmur there,
She said, and, melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.

No. 34.
COTTAGE IN FLAMES.
J. Wright.

No. 35.
LANDSCAPE.
Cozens.

No. 36.

CARP.

J. Miller.

The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold.
——————Sporting with quick glance,
Show to the sun their wav'd coats dropt with gold

No. 37.

SHEPHERD'S BOY IN A STORM.

Gainsborough.

——————The shepherd swain
Descries a coming cloud by zephyr driven
Across the main; from far, like pitch it shows,
Black'ning the sky, and with it brings along
A mighty storm; he shudders at the sight,
And drives his flock beneath the sheltering cave.

No. 38.

GIRL AND KITTEN.

Sir Joshua Reynolds.

No. 39.

DOGS AT PLAY.

Morland.

——————Frolics which too often end
In bloody broils and death; for oft in sport
Begun, combat ensues, growling they snarl;
Then, on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
Each other's throats, with teeth and claws in gore,
Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the ground
Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies.

No. 40.

HORSE.

Boultbee.

No. 41.

LANDSCAPE.

Cozens.

No. 42.

LANDSCAPE—EFFECT OF MOON LIGHT.

Joseph Wright.

The moon-beam sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves.

No. 43.

HARE.

Moses Haughton.

——————In her dim glaring eyes
Cold death exults, and stiffens ev'ry limb.

No. 44.

ASS AND CHILDREN.

Gainsborough.

Poor little foal of an oppressed race!
I love the languid patience of thy face;
And oft with gentle hand I give thee bread,
And clap thy rugged coat and pat thy head.

No. 45.

AMERICAN OWL.

Reinagle.

HENCE, glaring monster, hence! forbear to fright
My trembling soul, thou baleful bird of night!
The lashing of your wings I know too well,
Your sounding flight, and funeral screams of hell.

No. 46.

WOODMAN.

Barker.

FORTH goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
The cheerful haunts of man: to wield the axe,
And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
From morn to eve his solitary task.
Shaggy and lean, and shrew'd with pointed ears,
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk
Wide scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
With iv'ry teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;
Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks the sturdy churl
Moves right towards the mark; nor stops for aught
But now and then, with pressure of his thumb,
To' adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing cloud
Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.

No. 47.
GLOOMY LANDSCAPE.
Cozens.

STILL let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At ev'ry step
Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
And all is awful listening gloom around.

No. 48.
FORTUNE-TELLERS.
Rev. W. Peters.

BUT ah! ye maids, beware the gypsies lures
Twice did her hands the income of the week,
On either side, the crooked sixpence seek.
Twice were those hands withdrawn from side to side,
To stop the titt'ring laugh, the blush to hide.
The wayward prophet made no long delay,
No novice she in fortune's devious way!
With you shall soon, O lady fair, prevail
A gentle youth, the flower of this fair vale.

No. 49.
HEAD OF KING LEAR.
Sir Joshua Reynolds.

BLOW, winds, and crack your cheeks: rage, blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,

Vaunt couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world
Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at once,
That make ungrateful man—
Rumble thy belly full—spit, fire; spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters;
I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children,
You owe me no subscription—then let fall
Your horrible displeasure—here I stand your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man.

No. 50.

ELOISA—A NUN.

J. Opie.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot;
The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
Each pray'r accepted, and each wish resign'd;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep,
Obedient slumbers that can wake and sleep;
Desires compos'd, affections ever ev'n;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to Heav'n.
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whisp'ring Angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of Seraphs shed divine perfumes,
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins hymenæals sing,
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

No. 51.

WATER-FALL.

Ruysdale.

Smooth to the shelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair and placid; where collected all
In one impetuous torrent, down the steep
It thundering shoots, and shakes the country round.
At first, an azure sheet, it rushes broad;
Then wait'ning by degrees, as prone it falls
And from the loud resounding rocks below,
Dash'd in a cloud of foam it sends aloft
A hoary mist, and forms a ceaseless shower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repose;
But raging still beneath the shaggy rocks,
Now flashes o'er the scatter'd fragments, now
Aslant the hollow'd channel rapid darts;
And falling fast from gradual slope to slope,
With wild infracted course and lessen'd roar
It gains a safer bed, and steals at last
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.

GOTHIC ROOM.

No. 52.—*To the Right,*
PORTRAIT OF
GENERAL NAPOLEON BONAPART

No. 53.—*To the Left,*
HUBERT AND ARTHUR.

Northcote.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

King John, Act 4, Scene 1.

[Four Figures as large as Life.]

No. 54.

LADY JANE GREY.

Northcote.

Possessing the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, the solidity of maturity, and the gravity of age: the evening before her execution, she was assailed by bishops and priests, with arguments and persuasions to die in obedience to the Church of Rome. She endured their importunities with exemplary patience and temper, and returned their anathemas with prayers.

COTTAGE.

No. 55.

CHILDREN AT THE FIRE.

Gainsborough.

AND

DOG.—From Nature.

No. 56.

GIRL AND CAT

ENTERING THE COTTAGE.

Gainsborough.

GROVE.

No. 57.

WOMAN AND CHILD TAKING SHELTER FROM A STORM.

J. Westall.

RUINS.

No. 58.

WOODMAN IN THE STORM.

Gainsborough.

Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone descending rain. Wide rent the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame was quenched,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage!
Black from the blasting stroke the smold'ring pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk.
——————— The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and at their deep recess,
Wide flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.

DENS.

No. 59.

TYGRESS.

Stubbs.

Then as a tiger, who by chance hath spy'd
In some purlieu two gentle fawns at play,
Strait couches close, then rising changes oft'
His couchant watch, as one who chose his ground,
Whence rushing he might surest seize them both
Griped in each paw.
——————— The tyger darting fierce
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd.

No. 60.

LIONS AND LIONESS.

Stubbs.

Thus in the centre of some gloomy wood,
With many a step, the lioness surrounds
Her tawny young, beset by men and hounds.
Elate her heart, and rousing all her powers,
Dark o'er the fiery balls each hanging eye-brow lower

THIRD ROOM.

No. 61.

NATIVITY.

Carlos Marratt.

No. 62.

SALVATOR MUNDI.

Carlo Dolci.

To raise at once our rev'rence and delight,
To elevate the mind, and charm the sight,
To pour religion through th' attentive eye,
And waft the soul on wings of extacy;
For this the mimic art with nature vies,
And bids this visionary form arise.
Who views with sober awe, in thought aspires,
Catches pure zeal, and, as he gazes, fires;
Feels a new ardour to his soul convey'd,
Submissive bows, and venerates the shade.

Adapted from Louthe.

No. 63.

MADONNA DELLA SEDIA.

Raphael.

Madonnas here decline the head,
With fond maternal pleasure fed.

No. 64.

DEAD CHRIST, WITH THE TWO MARY'S.

Ludovico Carracci.